THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

JUNE : : : : : 1905

MOUNTAIN VIEW
PIONEER & HISTORICAL
ASSOCIATION

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Eleanor Dale History Collection, donated by Dale Family

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Clarence Dale History Collection, donated by Dale Family 7/16/79

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MOUNTAIN VIEW HIGH SCHOOL

THE BLUE AND GRAY

JUNE 1905

Published Semi-annually by the Student Body of the Mountain View High School

WILLARD M. AYER - - - - - - - - - - - Student Editor
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VICTOR A. WEIGLE - - - - - - - - - - - Exchanges

TO You, our friends, the June issue of "The Blue and the Gray" for 1905 is presented, expressing the results of our best efforts as a school. Overlook its short-comings, and reason out its merits, not by comparing it with the great literary magazines of the day, but by taking it as it is intended, a simple contribution by a small but thoroughly-in-earnest High School.

———o———

To You, the business men of Mountain View and San Jose, we owe much. Accept the thanks of a grateful school for your efforts in so liberally and heartily supporting this issue. We shall endeavor to repay you by remembering the motto, "Patronize those who advertise with us."

———o———

To You, the Faculty, the "Staff" of this issue of "The Blue and the Gray" feel indebted. Prof. Lee in particular has done all that he could possibly do to make this paper a worthy production. Miss Williston also has given invaluable aid both in getting the students in her classes to write for the paper and also in giving little personal helps to the staff on certain questions that have presented themselves.

———o———

To You, students, I may be permitted a few words. This is your paper, and as your first editor told you—"You have made it whatever it is—you always will." You are the power behind the throne. May you always give your paper the support this issue has been fortunate enough to receive, and may "The Blue and the Gray" thereby win its way to the front rank among High School papers.

HERBERT LEE
Principal.
MRS. LEE.
FACULTY
MISS ALICE WILLISTON.
MISS BRIGGS.

Report of Progress.

By HERBERT LEE, M. A., PRINCIPAL

THE history of the third year of the Mountain View High School is about made: it merely remains for me, at the request of the editor of "The Blue and the Gray," to make it a matter of record.

The year has been one of steady progress. There has been nothing sensational, but day by day, with very few exceptions, we have done the day's work to the best of our ability. The average daily attendance for the year has been about thirty per cent higher than that of the preceding year. We have lost almost no students save for good and sufficient cause.

Prospects for the next year are bright for our little school. The erection this summer of a four-room addition to the grammar school will make it possible for the High School to have the exclusive use of the High School building, and the placing of a physics laboratory in one of the rooms of the upper floor will make it possible for all the classes next year to be conducted in the one building. (At the suggestion of the University Examiner of High Schools, Chemistry is to be given in future in the third instead of the second year of the High School course. We do not expect therefore to use the Chemistry building next year.) We hope also to get some valuable collections for use in the Physical Georgraphy class, for Mrs. Gates has kindly offered to donate a large collection, and the State Mining Bureau has promised us a share of the California exhibit that was sent to the St. Louis Fair and is now at the Lewis and Clark Exposition. Then, too, the Trustees are contemplating a considerable increase to the High School Library. With these improvements, the influx of a large freshman class that is said to be more than ordinarily bright, and the accrediting to the State University that is almost sure to follow, the Mountain View High School should begin to take its place among the strong High Schools of the State. The only modifying element to all this is the question as to whether the Mountain View High School students themselves have sufficient staying power to enable them to carry the little vessel safely across the bar.

But some keen critic will be remarking before long that I am writing more of future history than of past. He will, however, I feel sure,

readily withdraw his objections when he considers that to me, who have been working for these improvements for some months past, this history, to him future, is to me very much present.

Referring, however, to things already accomplished, I feel that we may be all proud to know we are members of the Pacific Academic League on an equal footing with the largest school in the county; also that four of our boys worked hard to bring Mountain View into prominence at the annual track meet, held on the Stanford oval. We also greatly enjoy and are happy in the thought too, that students for many years will enjoy, the two tennis courts recently completed on our school grounds.

This year, too, we are graduating a student, who, for earnest devotion to duty and thoroughly conscientious work, is an example for us all. We sincerely hope that Alice Whittemore will succeed in her life-work and will always look back with pleasure upon her three years in our High School.

And now the sand has about run out, the printer's assistant can wait no longer, and the indulgent reader would fain hurry on to the interesting stories beyond. Trustees, teachers, students, I thank you all for the measure of success we have been able to attain, and trust that in the not very distant future we may add yet greater laurels to the little school we have learned to love so well.

1905.

ALICE WHITTEMORE.

GRADUATE

The Occupations of Women.

By Alice Whittemore '05

IF we were writing about the occupations by which women made their living a hundred years ago, we should be very much limited as to material for subpect matter. There was but little time then for women to do anything away from home, for they were kept busy at the spindle, distaff, and loom in order to make clothing for the family. Then, having made the muslin, linen, and woolen goods, they had to make them up into garments by hand.

With the discovery of the propelling power of steam and the invention of the sewing machine and the other machinery, the old way of making clothes, forever passed away. Therefore, women, who formerly had no time for interests other than home duties, found time to consider new lines of employment.

The spirit of freedom and liberty is as strongly implanted in the heart of the American woman as in the American man. Hence, the American woman, true to her native air, has boldly gone forward, until today, owing to the increased educational advantages which women have, there is hardly a line of work that they are not only engaged in, but are proving themselves as capable and as fully able to meet every requirement as the sterner sex.

Is it not true, that the ideal life for womankind is that of home-maker and mother of the race; and that every true woman, no matter what her circumstances, should keep this ideal before her? However, there are some conditions which make it necessary for women to choose and follow some gainful occupation. By far the greatest majority of the women, who are earning their living today, are doing so from necessity. Many a woman has found herself left with others dependent upon her—father, mother, invalid husband, or fatherless children. Bravely and courageously she must take up the burden of life and win from the world, for herself and those dependent upon her, the right to live. And when does a woman appreciate the value or see the necessity of a practical education, more than when such a compelling situation forces her out into the world? One of the most important duties of every parent or guardian, should be, to see that the girls as well as their boys should be trained in some profession or trade, that will fit them to confidently take up the battle of life.

Necessity alone does not lead girls into the industrial world, for there are many who have never experienced need. But their desire to

do something besides live a dependent existence, leads them to take up some line of work. Is not this class of women worthy of much praise? Labor is honorable; a purposeless life, a disgrace.

The first essential in the selection of an occupation is to find the calling to which one is best adapted; the next is to follow it with a steady and earnest purpose to live up to the best that there is in one. There is no calling in which one can be successful, without close application, studious effort, and patient self-denial, for there is no royal road to the top of the mountain of honor, usefulness, and ambition.

"We have not wings, we cannot soar:
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time."

The multiplicity of industrial and professional openings to women seeking an occupation, leaves no room for the excuse, "there is nothing I can do." Of these numerous callings, we can only mention a few, those of the teacher, the nurse, the physician, and the librarian.

The work to which the majority of women turn their attention, is that of teaching. This profession is so common, so well known, that it seems useless to attempt to say anything about it. As the years have come and gone, since the first efforts were made towards education, and "progress" seems to have been written in huge letters over every industrial art, the art of teaching has changed perhaps as much as any.

The time was, when about all that was required of a teacher, was a knowledge of the three R's and the ability to thrash the "biggest pupils." Now the requirements are so great, that our land is dotted with normal schools where students are trained and thoroughly fitted for the position of teachers.

The next occupation peculiarly fitted to women, is that of nursing. Of this noble calling, Florence Nightingale, who might be called a pioneer in the work, says, "Nursing is an art; and if it is to be made an art, it requires as exclusive devotion, as thorough preparation as any painter's or sculptor's work. It is one of the Fine Arts; there is no such thing as amateur nursing." This last statement is perhaps more true in America than in any other country, for there is hardly a hospital in the land but has its training department for nurses. These departments require either a two or a three years' course of study and practice before a diploma is given. The courses include instruction in surgical work, lessons in bandaging, and in preparation of food for the sick. In addition to this, there are elementary courses in hygiene,

anatomy, and physiology. The salary of a nurse, who has graduated and received a diploma, ranges from twenty to thirty dollars a week. However, the work is so confining and wearing on the system, that it can only be kept up from four to five weeks without a rest.

Not so many women have taken up the medical profession as that of nursing. Yet the number is constantly increasing. A generation ago a woman who entered the medical profession was looked upon, as going out of her sphere; now it is as little noticed as if she were preparing to teach. Women are now admitted into the medical departments of almost every state university as well as into the medical schools.

Another recent opening for women is that of the librarian. Mr. Melcille Dewey, of the State Library of Albany, says, as a result of his own experience, that our young women are better fitted for this work than their brothers, and that there is a steadily increasing demand for women librarians.

In the last few years the work of a librarian has grown into a distinct profession and many competent men and women are taking up librarianship as a life work. In 1884, after the proposal of Mr. Dewey that a school should be opened for library training, the trustees of Columbia College resolved that a school should be established in connection with the college, in which instruction might be given in the principles of library management, and in which learners might qualify themselves to be professional librarians. Later, this school was transferred to the State Library of Albany.

The subjects studied in the school are cataloguing, bibliology, classification, shelf work, history of libraries, book-binding, reading and literary methods. The students also have practice throughout the course in actual library service; the last term in each year is specially devoted to work under vigilant supervision and criticism in the various departments of the State Library. This school is designed for college graduates, yet high school graduates may be admitted on passing a rigid entrance examination. Today there is as great an opening for trained librarians, as there is in any other industry, for the demand for graduates of the school has thus far exceeded the supply.

These are but a few of the numerous ways by which a woman may make her living. Many more can be mentioned in which women have been known to enter and achieve marked success, such as, illustrating, law, architecture, farming, bee-keeping, and various positions under the government. Indeed there is hardly any line of industry or any profession, that a woman may not enter

The Call of the Ranch.

WHETHER, after five years of practice at the bar, Malcom had yet attained that degree of success of which he had been wont to dream in his college days, was a question heartily affirmed by his friends, and as emphatically denied by his enemies; and, as he had many of both, it was undoubtedly true that laud and vituperation had been his in a marked degree.

On this particular afternoon he was inclined to revolt against the condition of affairs in general, and he had repeatedly argued with himself the pros and cons of the expediency of indulging in a proposed vacation.

"Man to see you, sir." It was the time-worn phrase of the lad in stripes, who fulfilled the requirements of office-boy when not engaged in the less arduous task of admiring his brass buttons or whistling "Hiawatha."

"I'm busy, Bob," said the potentate of the law from the lazy depths of a Morris chair, where he lounged in obvious contradiction of his statement, and puffed an Havana as completely as if the well-being of some half dozen syndicates and corporations did not depend on his careful application to duty.

When, at twenty, Ward Malcolm had entered the university, an unsophisticated son of a well-to-do rancher, polished only by four years in the close environs of a boys' preparatory, he brought with him characteristics in varying degree of the hills and the high school, snatches of rampant freedom and a genuine taste for literature, together with decidedly enviable skill in debate.

He had applied himself assiduously to Blackstone and the civil code during his four years' and post-graduate work, except on certain memorable occasions when his exuberant spirits had broken the bounds of propriety, and then he had undergone a temporary suspension. He devoted a reasonable amount of time to professors and parchments, but the gayest of the gay were seldom without his genial company. However, all concerned felt quite satisfied when Malcolm was accorded the place of honor on the day of graduation.

Leaving the portals of the university behind, he entered the professional arena. The proverbial first client made his appearance in due time and a case, won through many vicissitudes from a veteran of

the court-room, established his name and practice on a footing which immediately relieved his father of the burden of his office rent, and at the same time caused him to be recognized as an opponent with whom lawyers, adept in the arts of argument, hesitated to combat. His clients included in equal degree the ranks of patrician and plebeian, and he protected with equal zeal the mite of the widow and the millions of the corporation.

Hence the presence of the corpulent and contemptuous Joseph Mendell, syndicate chief and capitalist, in the reception office of his legal adviser, who, in the privacy of his sanctum sanctorum, indulged in his own thoughts all oblivious of the ill-concealed impatience and pent-up wrath which was venting itself on the defenceless Bob.

During the five years of his practice, Malcolm had devoted himself untiringly to his litigants, and, scrupulously forgetful of self, had seldom indulged in the luxury of a holiday. The endless legal duties in which he was involved claimed his days and often his nights, and politics, too, had played no small part in his checquered experience. With all, he had well nigh forgotten the ranch in the foothills, around which clustered the beloved associations and remembrances of his happy youth.

Now it all came back to him, vividly, tauntingly, reprovingly. Outside, the whirl and surge of the city blended with the early darkness of the spring afternoon. The monotonous mechanism of the mart moved and stirred about him, but he was oblivious of it all. He was a boy again—long-legged, freckled and daring; scaling the highest tree in the hills, riding the untamed sorrel that no one had dared to touch before, paddling the wildest torrents of the creek in a boat improvised from a stolen water-trough, and generally accomplishing such feats of hardihood as gained for him among the neighbors for miles around the uncomplimentary title of "Mad Malcolm." It was the beckoning phantom of a distant past calling him, through years of neglected longings, to his paternal home and the wild weird beauty of the hills. Just what submitting to his own desires and going on an impromptu vacation might mean to his profession, he hardly cared to consider. Mendell, irate from delay and sorely distressed by the entanglements of law, was but one of his almost numberless clients who demanded his time and attention to secure them from awkward financial entanglements.

With the impulse which had characterized his youth, he decided his course on the spur of the moment. The last five years had been ungrudgingly devoted to popular demand; the next month should be his.

Just then, with undue caution, Bob opened the door,—"There's lots of folks waiting, sir."

"Self-evident fact, Bob, needs no argument." With which desultory remark he left the office by another door and, waiting only to assure himself that he had time to catch the next south-bound train, he rushed toward the station. He entered a down-town car and had ridden but a few blocks when he detected the unflinching features of a fellow advocate behind the folds of an evening paper. He left the car and decided to walk to the depot, smiling inwardly at what was obviously the height of the ridiculous, for he, the august and awful prosecutor of the city's wrongs, was fleeing from the law and the lawyers.

It was late when he arrived at his native town, and the mellow April moonlight enveloped haunts strangely familiar and innovations rudely strange. He procured a horse and drove toward home. Involuntarily he turned into the well-known roads; avenues which led through mazes of blossoming orchards and wound around endless stretches of hill and grainfield. He was lost to the present in traversing scenes of the past—these were the roads over which he had gone to the hillside schoolhouse in his eventful boyhood, and they still showed the accustomed landmarks which they had shown in the last generation and would show in the next.

From a hill-top he looked down at his home. It's pillared porches and Mexican patios suggested the style when old John Malcolm, then young, had built it, and it still stood through all his vicissitudes as a reminder of an early prosperity—a relic of the older California, of which he was a part. On such a night the exiled Byron returned to view his Newstead, and with no more deep-felt sentiments, for Malcolm was proud of the line from which he had inherited his home.

The days and weeks which followed were repetitions of events long since forgotten; care-free days of reminiscences untouched with regret, and nights spent in the somnolence of a fading moon or the peaceful solitude of a darkened grove. In looking up familiar haunts, old comrades were found, and the homestead rang with a merriment it had not known in years. His delight was marred only by thoughts of return from it all to his practice—a return from the picturesque to the mercenary. He had left his letters unopened lest repeated requests to return might persuade him to leave; but all too soon his fears of being recalled were realized, in the person of a certain presumptious and powerful party-boss, who came to insist upon his immediate return to a convention in which he was to gain incredible honors. Promises of nothing less than a seat in the legislature were held out to him, and the position of attorney-general was even offered him as an eloquent appeal for his undertaking the support of his party at a crucial moment. And of their truth none knew better than Malcolm, for his political career had been brilliant and he was recognized as the backbone of power in his ward. But even this, he did not consider as ample recompense for two weeks of vacation forfeited, and his only reply was that the call was not sufficiently strong.

IN MEMORIAM.

"Abide: thy wealth is gathered in,
When Time hath sunder'd shell from pearl."

The one to whom "The Blue and the Gray" owes its name, and who held its first editorship, Howard F. Beverly, has passed on to the Great Beyond. With us in all the activities of school life, a graduate just a year ago, he has laid down the burdens of a noble, self-sacrificing life, at its very portals.

His influence in the school was always for advancement, whether in lines of literary achievement, or in musical or social entertainment. Capable, willing, ever ready to lend a hand, his work has been an inspiration, which will live after him. He has left us, but is not forgotten, and we may say of him, as Tennyson of Arthur Hallam:

"So here shall silence guard thy frame;
But somewhere, out of human view,
Whate'er thy hands are set to do
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim."

Bob Earns a Bicycle.

By Rose Sturla, '06.

"I CONFESS," laughed Mrs. Hallam, "that I can't pity you." Mrs. Cass smiled inquiringly at her visitor, as she bent to pick up her scissors.

"No," continued Mrs. Hallam, pointing a tragic finger at the motley collection of stockings in her friend's ample work-basket; "I'd be willing to darn twice as much as that if my Bob would only be more active. I can't agree with you that your boy needs toning down. The havoc he works on his clothes is but a sign of his great activity. I'd be mightily pleased if Bob would develop some energy, even if I should have to pay the penalty of a few hours' mending.

"The strenuous life doesn't appeal to Bob. Lecturing doesn't do him any good. I'll say to him, 'Look at Phil Cass—a boy with the making of a man in him.' He hears me out patiently and then remarks tranquilly, 'I know, mother, Phil's great.' It worries me so to see him lounge around. His fondness for snaps is insatiable."

"They all go through that stage," consoled her friend.

"But Bobby has been that way ever since he could toddle. When the Spanish War broke out, and all the little chaps were so excited over their mock battles,—do you suppose Bob ever joined them? He never played with 'em; least it was to play dead, and that he'd do very amiably for hours together, lying in some comfortable spot, while his companions, red-faced and perspiring, fought gallantly."

Mrs. Cass laughed. It was so like Bob!

"Not," continued the mother quickly, "that Bob isn't a good boy. He is so helpful at home. But it's the same there (with a sigh)—he always prefers to sit on the back porch and shell beans than to chop wood for me."

"Bob is a very sweet-tempered lad," declared Mrs. Cass warmly,—"Phil tells me he is a favorite with all the boys."

A softened look crept into Mrs. Hallam's troubled eyes. "Bob is a good son," she said, cheerily. "I ought not to be complaining." For a little while there was silence, broken only by the buzzing of a bee which had strayed through the rose-trellis into the shady veranda where the two women sat.

Presently Mrs. Cass said, "There come the boys."

Down the road shaded with almond trees came two boys. There was no mistaking Bob. Hands in pocket, walking with an indolent grace, he was a direct contrast to the strongly-built, restless boy who walked by his side, leading a bicycle. Across the handle-bars of his friend's wheel Bob had flung his lunch-basket. As the boys turned in at the gate the women heard Phil saying severely, "Now, Bob, it's all your fault. You might just as well have worked at Judge Brown's with me last summer, and then you would have a wheel now, just as I have. But on account of your confounded laziness, you did nothing, so you can't come with us up to the foothills Saturday because you haven't a wheel. We've missed lots of jolly times, just because you didn't have a wheel. You know, I have twice as good a time when you're along."

"Why vacation isn't the time to work for a wheel," said Bob reproachfully.

"When is it then?" stormed Phil. "I don't believe you could earn a wheel if——" words failed the excited boy.

A spirit of determination leapt into Bob's hitherto untroubled eyes. "I'll earn a wheel before this year's out," he flared suddenly. Phil looked surprised, but said nothing.

A few days later, as Bob was building a fire for his mother, he picked up an old paper and paused in his work to look through it. It was a cheap paper called "Charming Moments." The first two pages were occupied with a story (in which exclamation points predominated) entitled "HER BROKEN VOW." Bob was about to shove it into the stove, when his eye was caught by an ad—"Free! Free! Free! This beautiful bicycle Free! Best bicycle in the market. *Non-puncturable* tires. Exquisite workmanship . Exactly like picture." The one in the picture was certainly a beauty. Bob was conquered.

"Whatever has Bob put here," thought Mrs. Hallam as she pulled out a box innocently concealed under the bed. "What an artful hiding place," she laughed, "does he suppose I never sweep under his bed? Soap, I declare! What is he up to?" she puzzled as she gingerly picked up a sickly-looking cake of soap. "And the box is full of soap," eyeing it suspiciously. "What can Bob be doing?"

She would have been enlightened had she seen Bob that afternoon. After school he did not lounge around till supper time, but smuggled out of the back door with an ill-concealed package of cheaply-scented, forlorn-looking cakes of soap. He made straight for the poor portion of the town, which he had haunted for the last two weeks. The children had become accustomed to seeing a strange

youth, with a bundle of soap which he tried vainly to dispose of. They always gathered around him ecstacially, and listened rapturously to his mellow voice chanting the praises of "Imperial Pansy Soap—price only ten cents a cake." Even the women, hard-working with the steam of the wash-tub always rising from their bare strong arms—even they would pause in their work and grin good-naturedly at the odd but entertaining boy. Few sales did Bob effect of the soap which was to gain him that coveted bicycle. The few sales he did make were the results of loquacious, wearisome hours. Never, confessed Bob to himself, had he labored so hard.

The end of it was that he paid for the soap out of his own slim purse, adding "only two dollars to cover expense of expressage, etc.," as the circular had said. Then came days of waiting for the "free" bicycle.

It must have been a week later, when Bob's father said to him, "By the way, something came for you from New York today, my son. I left it on the porch. I think——" Bob rushed onto the porch, but no imposing crate stood there. "What——" "Oh, Bob," came his father's voice, "I forgot, here it is."

"Bob's surprise increased when he saw his father put his hand in his pocket and pull out a tiny package. Nonchalantly, he took it and broke it open. Imbedded in soft cotton lay a beautiful miniature bicycle, a quaint conceit to be hung on one's watch chain. "Non-puncturable tires," thought the dazed Bob, "exquisite workmanship—exactly like that in the picture."!!

Freshman Physical Geography.

Miss B—Will anyone volunteer to name the four seasons?
M.—Pepper, salt, mustard, and vinegar.

Claude—Are fleas white?
Miss B.—No.—Why?
Claude.—It says, "Mary had a little sheep,
Its fleas was white as snow."

Self Reliance.

By WILLLARD M. AYER, '06.

IT is not a fact that to most of us it is very difficult to tread on ground that someone else has not already beaten hard—that is to say, do we not shrink from being original? Our own thoughts as well as our own deeds seem worth less to us—simply because they are our own. As I began to read Emerson's "Self Reliance," a longing came upon me to write something for myself on this same topic; but now, as I have launched myself forward on the attempt, my thoughts seem pigmies and not worth the utterance. But it is here that my topic invigorates me—if Milton and Shakespeare believed this, there would have been no Milton, no Shakespeare. If Edison believed his deeds not worth the doing, he would not have kept the path of the Patent Office hot with his footsteps. If Newton believed that all was known that could be known about the universe, he would never have revealed her secrets.

It is a glorious thing that we are not all like Chinamen. The Chinaman plows with a stick because his father, and his grandfather, and his great-grandfather, and those living in the time of Confucius, ploughed with a stick, and nothing can induce him to forsake the old ruts and crooked furrows of his ancestors. The Americans began to till the land with a yoke of slow-moving oxen and a wooden plow,—but he is now plowing with an automobile and traction engine! We like to feel as John G. Whittier did when he said, "I felt I was in the world to do something, and thought I must." Let us dare believe we can accomplish things—even if it be but an essay on Self-reliance.

Individuality is always refreshing, but it leaves a hard, well-beaten trail where it goes, because it is first to explore the unknown and unsolved things. There is always a danger, however, least self-reliance degenerate into self-conceit and excessive egotism. We may look upon that great character of history, Napoleon. He possessed great individuality, great self-reliance, but as he enhanced his power by the overthrowing of throne after throne, by the winning of victory after victory, his individuality changed to the worst form of egotism. The former characteristic is always desirable in anyone, the latter far otherwise. What but individuality sends the adventurous, self-dependent spirit to thus give voice to its emotions and its thoughts and Columbus-

like, to brave the unexplored? Looking on a new invention we exclaim, "How simple!" but simple as it is, it charms us with its originality. The world will ever make room for such things, her arms are outstretched, her lap is not yet full. It is sadly rare to see or to meet a thoroughly, sincere, outspoken person. Our office-holders dare not take sides on questions, our ministers have to feel their way in their sermons, our financiers must act in accordance with the rulings of combined capitalists, the laborer must heed and carry out the laws and restrictions of his labor union. Is there any individuality here—or what is more, any chance for any? The highest exercise of the mind is to think: the greatest test of moral courage is to speak out what we think. The hardest word in the English language to say is "No."

It has been sounded all through the ages to man, that he must have faith in his fellow-man;—I want to ask, if it is not time to preach to men to have faith in themselves, in short, to have self-reliance. We are all, or nearly all, imitators, imitators of thoughts and deeds, uttered or accomplished by leaders who have indomitable courage to stand out before the world and say as Luther did, "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise; God help me." It is not always the learned and intelligent men who come forth to lead the world in some great movement. Although Erasmus was acknowledged to be the most scholarly man of Europe, it was not he who tacked up the Ninety-five Theses. He was content to fire his witty shafts at the Pope, the Monkish Orders, and the fooleries of the sixteenth century church, but it was the Luther type of man who stepped forward and lead the reformation. It is the long, lanky, untutored rail-splitter from the log cabins of the Western wilderness who steps forth and strikes the shackles from four millions of slaves.

Do we not too readily enjoy other people's thoughts—accept other people's ideas—and let them solve the problems that concern us? We should enjoy our own minds; take pleasure in thinking over and developing the creations of our own brains. We should learn to think as well as to act for ourselves. Emerson truly says in the essay on "The American Scholar," that we are in a degenerate state when we are merely the parrot of other men's thinking. People only half believe their own thoughts: What a mistake! Believe them, defend them, enjoy them. Do not be content to be a counterfeit thinker. It is a custom among students to look upon their instructors with suspicion, and sometimes even with contempt. We hand in our exercises because we believe it is what the teacher wants. What a false conclusion! It is what we want ourselves. Do not do things for others, do them for yourself. This working for marks—for credits is bad in principle; students take subjects that will not be of any material use to them only

in so much as the subjects give them another credit towards their commencement orations or valedictories, and then an advanced standing in the universities! We should let our studies, our observations, and our experiences contribute to develop only the more truly our real selves, our true individualities. We should ever find for ourselves that which belongs to us; be it addressing a jury, moulding public opinion, effecting legislation, sounding forth the gospel truths; or whether it be the more immediately practical works, building a trestle over yonder canyon, running a tunnel through that great mountain, building a sky-scraper here, a modern dwelling there;—whatever it be, let it be our own, and worthy of us.

In olden times, all roads led to Rome; in like manner, let me so contrive that from the ends of the earth men shall nourish me, shall inspire me, shall, in a word, serve me. And, in return, I will serve them with an earnest, manful, self-respecting, self-reliant soul.

"MY PIPE."

Dedicated to K. C. I.

—(I light it)—

I waft the fragrant smoke afar
The whole world o'er I roam with ease.
And now my thoughts most pleasing are,
I've the power to do what'ere I please.
Fairies sing,
Joy bells ring,
I am a king.

—(It goes out)—

I lay it down—aloud I cry,
"My power is gone, no king am I."
And now I await that moment when,
'Tis time to light my pipe again.
My dream is o'er,
I sleep no more—
Take me back to Baltimore.
"Even *I* regain my freedom with a sigh."

A Warm Reception.

By KARL C. INGRAM, '07.

"YOU want a yarn?" said Uncle Jake. "All right, just wait till I get my pipe going." Then as the clouds of fragrant smoke curled alluringly upward he continued: "It was in the gold craze of '49 that I came to California, and after prospecting with extraordinary success, I resolved to go East and live in luxury the remainder of my life.

"I went to San Francisco, and as I had considerable business there, I went to one of the ordinary apartment houses and engaged a room for two weeks. The lodging houses of the city were crowded and so I was not surprised when the landlord rapped on the door one morning and after a few remarks said:

"Mr. Hoskins, I'm very sorry, but er—the house is—ah—rather crowded and—er—ah—you will be compelled or rather obliged to have a room-mate. Your—ah—expenses will er—be half as much as—er—ah before."

"Very well," I replied.

"Returning at noon, I discovered my room-mate sitting in my armchair reading a paper-covered novel. I was not agreeably impressed with him and I observed to my extreme consternation that his usually dull eyes, when my back was turned, would sometimes flash with an almost demonaic mirth. This trick of watching my companion's actions by means of a mirror became one of my constant occupations.

The money I had received for the dust I kept in a strong-box in the closet and although the landlord was the only person who knew of its presence, I was nervous about it and so kept the key on a string around my neck both day and night.

One day as I sat in my room I heard a knock on the door and opening saw a boy of about ten or twelve years of age.

"Are you Mr. Brown?" he asked.

"Yes," I responded, hardly knowing what prompted me to tell the lie.

"Well, here's a letter fer y'r," he said, "An' the feller wot sent it said fer the love o' heaven not to let Hoskins see it."

I took the letter from the boy's hands and shut the door. "Now

why," I sililoquoized, "did the sender of the letter not want me to see it? and how has he come to know my name?" These were perplexing questions and, as the more I thought, the stranger the situation seemed, I resolved to open the letter.

Upon opening it I read:

"I will come up to the room at ten instead of half-past as we arranged. W. W."

So this was what my room-mate did not want me to see. What connection could the coming of "W W." have with me? There seemed a hidden and sinister meaning in the note. I felt vaguely alarmed and taking the letter I put it into the fire, watching it crumble into ashes.

That evening I left my room early, telling my room-mate that I would be back at ten o'clock and went down stairs, where I told the proprietor, who had proved himself to be a friend in a little trouble I had had in his barroom a few nights previous, the whole affair.

"I am convinced," I said, "that there is a plot between this man rooming with me and another man to rob me tonight. They probably expect to seize me, gag me before I can cry out and take my money."

"Well," said the landlord smiling, " 'The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley.' "

When ten o'clock dragged slowly nearer, the proprietor, another man and myself stationed ourselves in the adjoining room and after seemingly years of waiting we heard a step on the stair. The person came up quickly and the flickering candle gave us, as he passed, a glimpse of a powerfully framed man with an unkempt beard and coal black hair.

He went straight to my room and entered. We heard a low cry of congratulation and then the voices of the two men talking in low tones and now and then a chuckle over the contemplation of getting my money.

We crept stealthily to the door! "By George!" one of them was saying, "It's ten o'clock and he said he would be back at——"

"Hands up!" I ordered over the sight of my Colts .44.

"What in the ——," startled the visitor in a voice that sounded strangely familiar, "Why, is that you, Harry Hoskins?"

"Well, I'll be hanged if it isn't Williams," I exclaimed. but turning suddenly serious, I added, "What are you doing in this room with this man?"

"Well, I'll tell you: I met Mr. Bronson several weeks ago and last night found out that you were staying here with him, so we arranged a little surprise for you when you returned tonight. I am a firm believer in the old adage which states that 'Man cannot live by bread alone,' so if you'll wait a moment I will bring up some choice cigars and bottled refreshments that I have left down stairs."

The Drummer Boy.

By ALICE CHAPMAN, '08

"CAPTAIN SOUTHLY," said Mrs. Graham, leading a little boy towards him, "your men were saying that you wanted a drummer lad, so I've brought my boy Sandie. It nigh breaks my heart to send him away, but there is no bread left to feed us and no money to buy more, for his father sleeps younder under the heather-blossoms. Sandie, wake up! give us your happiest measure, 'Flowers of Edinboro,' while the gentleman with the fife accompanies you."

The captain heard little Sandie Graham beat clear and strong, even better than he himself could do, and said that he should be the drummer of the corps.

"I thank you, Captain," said the mother earnestly, "but maybe you could kindly look after the friendless little lad when in the midst of the fray, for he has been so good and gentle and I have had nothing else to love,—save the grave yonder and"—in a low voice—"the ever watchful Father."

Then her hard, rough hand was placed on the curly head of her little son as she blessed the boy. The tent was silent, for the Captain was thinking of a prayer, breathed many years before over his head, then golden, but now bent with age, and white as snow.

"Goodbye, Sandie."

"Farewell, mother. Some summer day you will see me returning, for they do not shoot drummers; do they, Captain Southly? There! Just one more kiss! Now remember and watch for me, mother, for I will play very softly and you will know that I am coming."

* *

It was after the battle. The moon-beams seemed ghastly as their shadowy rays fell on the faces dead and white upturned on the field. The wind carried the moans of the dying on its wings, and sometimes a helpless hand would cling to the tiny daisies growing on the trodden earth as if asking in vain for life. As Captain Southly walked swiftly onward, he heard the beating of a drum, oh! so softly! His heart beat quicker, and hastening his steps he said, "Yes, Sandie! I come!"

"Oh, laddie! do I find you thus, lonely, wounded, lying here beating your little drum? See! it is not yet morning!" For one moment the little head dropped, then lifting it up, little Sandie replied, "Oh, Captain Southly! the morning is coming; 'tis light, and I have said my prayers. The plains are bright, and I am going home. I played that measure,—for mother will not see me come; but you will tell her, won't you, Captain?"

For once, the old Captain had no word to say. Three times he cleared his throat, but in vain. Then he solemnly nodded his hoary head.

The brave boy spoke the truth, for the morning to him had dawned forever, and never for him would the eternal brightness be dimmed by the approach of night.

A Phantom of the Night.

By B. L. D., '07.

WE had had a very long hard day of it, my friend and I, and were extremely tired; so it did not take us long to make up our minds to retire.

It was not long before Agnes was fast asleep and I thought that I soon should be in the same condition, but fate had decided otherwise.

I tossed and rolled and twisted and turned to such an extent that it was hard to imagine how my companion rested in such apparent peace. I repeated poetry to see if I could get to sleep, but instead I became very nervous. I had that "scarey" feeling very decidedly, that one has when he awakes up at midnight in a strange place.

Suddenly I stopped my restless motions and listened intently. What was that soft, creeping, shuffling sound in the next room, coming toward our door? I opened my eyes with a shudder and stifled a scream. To save my soul I could not have moved just at that minute. What was that tall, horrible, white thing standing in the doorway? Was it moving? Oh, horrors Would it come any farther? I moved my lips in silent prayer. I thought of all the ghost stories and nightmares I had ever heard of, and the more I did so the closer seemed that creaping noise and that awful figure. My blood fairly chilled in my body and I tried to stop the loud beating of my heart.

Oh, Agnes! Why couldn't she wake up? I caught her hand for company and it was as cold and damp as my own. Was she awake after all. And had she seen my phantom also, for what else *could* ail her. No, *her* eyes were tightly shut.

I tried to close mine, but they seemed riveted on that form of white. I was trying to think of some way to call for help, for the suspense was painful, when a piercing scream sounded through the room. My feelings were indescribable. I could scarcely keep my grasp on my senses.

The scream brought my aunt into the room, and Agnes, who was wide awake, endeavored to explain, "Oh, mamma, I had such a fearful, *awful* dream, and it was so real. Ugh," and she shuddered violently. "I couldn't help screaming. I didn't mean to frighten you."

My aunt looked at me; remarked on my white face, and asked if I was much frightened. Oh, no, not *now,* of *course* not." (though I was trembling from head to foot.) Was I going to admit being frightened by a light wrapper flung over the back of a chair, and by the wind blowing the curtain to and fro? No, indeed!

A First Attempt to Milk.

By Victor A. Weigle, '07.

THE first attempt to milk a cow by a person from the city is very amusing to the onlookers; and the cow, that is, if she is one with proper ideas as to her dignity and the manner in which she should be milked, knows how to vigorously resent any implied lack of tact on the would-be milker's part.

I have in mind one particular instance of this sort. The circumstances promised well for amusement to the bystanders. The cow was young, agile, and inclined to be ill-tempered. The man was also young, agile, and though naturally good-natured, became also ill-tempered, indeed very much so, before he was helped into the house, a dying man, as he thought.

The first thing he did was to approach the cow from the left side. Now this he should not have done, and the beast endeavored to tell him so by a more or less gentle kick on the shins. Deeming that a mere indication of affection, the gentleman sided up to her with a soothing "So—oo—bossy, s—o—o—bossy," and bent down into a position for milking. Having thus far received all the demonstrations of the cow from her hindquarters, it did not enter his head that the other end of the beast was also demonstrative, but it was, and so he found out, for the cow with a vigorous and enthusiastic sweep of her head and horns boosted him head first into mother earth.

This usage upset the young gentleman't temper as well as his physical being, and, seizing a stick, he rushed in fury upon the poor animal. He attacked from the rear. Now if there is one place in which a cow likes an object to be, if she wishes to get in deadly footwork by way of kicking, that place is just back of her. That was the precise location which our friend occupied when he began operations with the club. He had scarcely gotten started in his good work before the cow got the range, made forceful connections and—we helped him into the house and rubbed him with liniment.

Why did Charles Darwin?
Because he never turned his back to Defoe.—Ex.

The First Circus.

By Eva Dickson, '08.

MAMMA, mamma," cried a very much excited boy, running into the house, "where are you?"

"Here, down in the cellar," came her voice faintly through the floor.

The boy, whose name was Johnny, hastily slid down the steps, that being the quickest way he could think of to lessen the distance.

"Oh, mamma, the Greatest Show on Earth is comin' to town next week! Clowns an' elephants, an' monkeys like they have in our reader, and dancin' horses and everything! An' you only have to pay twenty-five cents to get in. Jim an' me saw the feller puttin' up the signs. Say, it's great! An' Oh yes, after the show is over, everybody can have a ride on the big elephant. Say, can't I go?" he asked, jumping first on one foot and then on the other, clapping his hands and whistling.

"Do stop that noise, so's a body can think!" cried his mother vigorously tossing the handle of the churn up and down. "What made you sneak off this morning, so that your father had to feed the pigs. You'd better look out and behave yourself, else you don't get anywhere."

"Please let me go," he pleaded, "I'll go to town tomorrow for you, an' I'll use my very own money for Sunday School next Sunday if you do."

"Well, I'll see your father about it," relenting a little at this last appeal.

The father was seen, and having received the promise from Johnny that he would work hard the next day he said that he might go.

After Johnny had gone running out to tell Jim, the father said half apologetically, "I thought I had better let the boy go, he don't have any too much fun around here. But I think we'd better go too, so as to keep him out of mischief."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The eventful day dawned bright and cheery. Every one was up early. Soon Johnny appeared red and perspiring from trying to get his collor fastened, and from a vigorous brushing of his shoes. But at last every one was ready, and leaving the dog to watch the house, they departed for the great show.

As they reached the tent, they saw their neighbors from far and near assembled there. The young men looked rather red and shiny

from their recent ablutions, and they kept kind of in the background; while the girls glanced shyly at them from under their hat-brims, and giggled in that exasperating way girls have.

But at last they were seated. A thundering blast from the brass-band, and the "Greatest Show on Earth" had begun.

Soon a company of horses came prancing in, bearing on their backs painted ladies who glanced haughtily at the crowd.

"Say, Jim, look at that lady jump, ain't she a dandy!" said our friend Johnny, who was perched on the front seat among a crowd of small fry, whose wide-open eyes showed their interest.

The lady in question was engaged in leaping through hoops, which the clown held up before her, and at last made a dashing leap through one which was on fire.

"Lemonade here, fine pink lemonade here, only five cents a glass!" shouted a small boy near by. Johnny eagerly availed himself of the opportunity and bought a glass, which was shared with Jim.

"I wonder how they make that pink in the lemonade! Lets ask one of the fellers after the show. An' say, do you know what we can do," sinking his voice to a whisper, "we can set up a little stand an' we can jus' make piles of money. Won't that be fine!" And in his joy Johnny almost forgot where he was.

A Chorus of "Ah's" and "Oh's" interrupted him. A monkey dressed up as a fireman was busily engaged in rescuing a family of dogs from a burning house. Johnny shouted so that his throat gave out and he was glad to sit down where his mother was.

"Peanuts, peanuts, double-jointed, knock-kneed, pigeon-toed cross-eyed peanuts here, five a bag," shouted a small boy just above him.

Johnny prevailed on his mother to buy a bag, and the rest of the show he was so busy eating that he did not have time to do anything else. At last it was over. Johnny went home tired but happy because he knew that they were coming back next year.

Dr. Quack—I cure consumption when my instructions are followed.

Indignant Patron—My son took your medicine a year and then died.

Dr. Quack—I told him to take it for two years.—Ex.

Thomas Lawson, Banker.

By J. B. B., '06.

"HOW do you do, mister? Can you give me a job? Dad came home drunk last night and drove me out and since ma died I haven't had anyone to go to." As the lad spoke, his large, earnest eyes dimmed with tears.

Mr. Rangford, president of the First National Bank, paused and looked at the freckle-faced boy standing before him. One glance was sufficient to convince him that the lad was telling the truth. He hesitated for probably a minute to make answer, and then replied, "Well, sonny, I'll give you a trial. Our janitor has just left us, so be here by seven o'clock tomorrow morning and you can begin work. Here's a quarter to get some supper with."

"Thanks, mister," was all Tommy could say, for he was overjoyed to get a job. He gazed at the retreating figure of Mr. Rangford until it was lost from sight and then, whistling merrily, hurried down the street.

As the bank president sat before his cheerful fire that evening, the thought of the boy came into his mind. "Was he really honest and would he be on hand in the morning, or was he only telling a story to gain sympathy? He looked as if he were telling the truth. However, we shall see what turns up in the morning." He walked to the telephone and called up the bookkeeper of the bank.

"Hello, is this Smith?"

"Yes, this is Mr. Rangford, isn't it?"

"Say, Charlie, I promised a boy this afternoon that I'd give him a trial at the janitor's place tomorrow morning. When you go down town let him in, if he is there, and set him to work. Good-bye." Mr. Rangford hung up the receiver and retired to his room.

The next morning as Smith came to the bank, he saw a ragged, freckle-faced lad standing before the door. "Hello, kid," are you the fellow that's going to do the janitor work in the bank?"

"Yes, mister. Am I late?"

"Why no, it's only a quarter of seven," replied Smith. "Come in and I'll show you what to do."

The lad entered the door and, as soon as he had been instructed, set briskly to work. Two hours later when Mr. Rangford entered, the boy was just finishing the dusting. He was set to washing the windows

and was very careful about getting them clean. He attracted the president's notice, and turning to the bookkeeper, Mr. Rangford said softly, "That boy is ambitious, Charlie; mark my words."

Every morning the boy was on hand early and was one of the last to leave in the evening. As the day passed, Tommy grew in the admiration of the bank officials. Smith no longer called him kid, but Tommy; and the president was known to him as Mr. Rangford instead of mister.

About a year afterwards, as Tommy was going to his room late one night, he met two men whom he noted with suspicion. They were walking quietly down the street towards the bank and were talking in low, earnest tones. "Where are they bound? I'm going to follow them and see." He dropped back and kept in the shadow of the buildings, keeping a close eye on them all the while. When the two came to the bank, they looked around to see if any one were coming, and then entered the alley leading past the rear of it. Tommy drew nearer and overheard them making their plans how they would enter the bank the following night. They passed down the alley out of sight, and Tommy hurried back to his room.

He did not sleep that night, but lay awake and planned how he could capture the two in the act of plundering the bank. The next morning he was on hand as usual, but his face wore a worried expression. Mr. Rangford noted this and asked him what was the matter, but Tommy replied that he hadn't slept well the night before, so the president said nothing more.

That afternoon Tommy asked for an hour off, and Mr. Rangford, thinking that he wasn't feeling well, said nothing and granted him the privilege. He hurried to the Chief of Police's office and took him into his confidence. After he had related what he had overheard, the chief promised to send two men down to the bank to keep watch. Tommy was to watch with them.

Soon after dark the three took their stations outside in the coal shed. About twelve o'clock the men appeared and immediately set to work to force the lock of the back door. The door opened suddenly and the two slipped inside. A muffled explosion told the three outside that the vault was being forced open, and they prepared to make the capture. Revolvers in hand, the three crept in the door and as the burglars were about to set off another charge of dynamite, one of the officers shouted, "Hands up." The two jumped up only to look into the muzzles of three revolvers. Before they hardly realized what had happened, they were bound fast and being hustled to

the jail. Two weeks later they were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the state's prison.

The morning papers were filled with the news of the daring attempt at robbery and of the capture of the robbers, which had been accomplished by the boy's strategem. Tommy's picture appeared in the paper along with those of the bank officials, and he was praised by all.

At a meeting of the directors of the bank a few days later it was decided that Tommy was too bright and earnest a boy to keep as janitor. They also realized that the bookkeeper was overworked and decided to raise Tommy to the position of assistant bookkeeper, a position which he was able to fill excellently after a few weeks' instruction.

Many years have passed since the attempted robbery, and time has wrought numerous changes in the bank. Mr. Rangford has long since died and his place been occupied by Mr. Smith until the present time, when he was forced to retire on account of ill health. Meanwhile the ragged, freckled-faced Tommy rose from one position to another until, at the resignation of Mr. Smith, he became president. He is happy now. With his wife and two children in a beautiful cottage in the suburbs of the city, he is no longer known merely as Tommy, but as Thomas Lawson, Banker.

POPULAR.

"Poor Mrs. De Olde! Her eyesight is failing so fast she is of very little use in society."

"Oh, she is in great demand."

"What for?"

"All the girls want her as a chaperon."

"A Tramp and Two Cups of Tea."

By C. H. A., '07.

WHEN the 6:30 train reached the point which was my destination, I stepped off the rear step of the second car from the end with great reluctance, for it was raining copiously and I found myself in the deserted streets of the town with only my wheel for company.

With a great effort I pulled myself together, buttoned my coat around my throat, pulled my hat over my eyes, and started on the three-mile ride to my home in the very jaws of the wind and rain.

As the road was already quite slippery, I took the inviting sidewalk, in defiance of the law; but, in spite of the fact that no officers were abroad, I met justice; for opposition presented itself in the shape of a telegraph pole, which had been uprooted by the wind, and lay directly across the path, with one end on the fence.

I received a shock, which neither resembled a moral shock nor one caused by electricity, but at any rate I decided it was better to obey the law thereafter and travel strictly in the road.

The rain increasing every minute, soon resembled a Missouri cloud-burst, and little rivulets a foot deep raged by me in imitation of vast torrents. The south wind blew stronger momentarily, filling my nose and mouth as if jealous of the very breath which gave me life. Unable longer to fight against the lance of the elements on wheel, I was obliged to dismount and make what headway I could on foot, inch by inch nearer my haven of rest. Then to keep down my wrath, and the naughty little words which kept coming to my tongue, I hummed between my teeth, "Yes I am coming,—Soon coming Home,"—and when tired of this—began repeating the alphabet, a-b-c-d-a-r-n--i-t-x-y-z.

This state of affairs could not last forever, and when I finally did reach that spot in which lies all true happiness,, "My Home," I changed my song from "Yes I'm coming home" to, "There's no place like Home."

While changing my wet clothes for dry ones there came to me the appetizing odors of the meal below and in all haste I made my way to the table. The supper perhaps was not above par, but to me it seemed fit for a king. I indulged heartily in nearly everything upon the table, including two cups of tea, and then while the rain still beat incessantly upon the roof, betake himself to bed, in the hope—but I am getting ahead of my story.

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I got up slowly—everything was hazy 'all was blank and bleak and gray—it was not night—it was not day—but vacancy"—sometimes yellow lights, sometimes purple, waved around in fantastic shapes—all was silent as death and my ears buzzed as in a swoon. Before me stood the nightmare, all saddled, waiting for its rider. I put one foot in the stirrup, vaulted into the saddle of ruddy gold, and we were off with the speed of a thunderbolt—skulls and crossbones—dead men—caverns—gruesome, slimy, crawling snakes and toads—the steed vanished—I fell—down—down—into an endless pit—I tried to scream—but could not—the silence was appalling,— — — —

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Again I was at the St. Louis Fair,—the great balloon was preparing to ascend, the gas was pumped in—the car regulated—and the ropes were untied. The end of the massive rope swung towards me with a death-dealing stroke, and wound round and round, again and again, tying my ankle in a vice-like grip.

I was jerked suddenly—up—up—up—the blood rushed to my head as I ascended—feet first—faster and faster—ever upwards. The crowds dwindled away smaller and smaller until they appeared a speck no larger than a spider—the rope slackened by the lessened speed of the balloon—slowly, but surely untwisted—a fall—a rush of wind—down—down.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Once more I found myself in my office on the top floor of the Call Building—the clock struck twelve—I laid down my pen and walked hastily to the elevator and entered—we started downwards—at the second floor from the top the cable broke—again I tried to scream—my tongue clove to my mouth—dead silence prevailed except the rush of the iron car—like a streak of wind greased with soapstone—we shot down the shaft—down—down—past fifteen floors—ever increasing in velocity—we reached the stone floor—and with a horrible crash— — I awoke and the golden rays of the rising sun dispelled the gloom and with it vanished all signs of the night's storm.

"John," said a clergyman to his negro servant, "when anybody calls don't say that I'm not at home, because that would be a lie, but just give them an evasive answer." Soon a caller knocked at the door, and asked if the minister was at home. "Say," said John, "was your grandmother a hoot-owl?"

His First Two-Step.

By N. C. W., '06.

DAN listened to the increasing peals of merriment proceeding from the study-hall below, cast a look of mingled regret and reproach at the unoffending pile of books before him, and inwardly debated as to whether he should descend and add his ever-welcome share to the high jinks in progress or buckle down to the more arduous task of studying for his June Exams. From the lazy depths of his chair he surveyed the room through half-closed lids and meditated. The book-lined walls and straight-backed furniture hardly invited a spirit of frolic, yet those modest walls had witnessed many a scene of royal revelry. A week ago to-night he and nine other fun-loving companions had indulged in rough-house and stolen edibles for three memorable hours, all unknown to the wary eyes and ears of the faculty, in order to fittingly celebrate the occasion of his nineteenth birthday.

Could he steal a few more hours from studies already neglected? The noise from below increased. He thought of earnest promises in a weekly letter to an indulgent mother and, remembering the records at stake, he chose the wiser course and was soon deeply engrossed in the niceties of Virgilian syntax.

The door flew open and the aforesaid nine, togged out in various lengths of all-enveloping overcoats, unceremoniously entered the room. Their advent was too common an occurrence to elicit any unusual form of welcome from one so seriously occupied. Dan calmly finished his paragraph, and would have finished his chapter had not the precious volume been seized and sent flying across the room with as little ceremony as if it had been a baseball.

"What meaneth this array?" demanded that embodiment of complacency, pulling himself together with a shake and a yawn, "have you fellows so far forgotten the limits of propriety as to indulge in two sprees in the same week?"

"Oh, shut up! Get into your coat and come on," commanded Blake, whose good-nature excused his abruptness.

"Where? What? Why?" he began tauntingly.

"A dance, lobster—Girls' High School—all invited—come on."

"And you want me to go along and hold down a bench and act as a kind of combination wall-flower and chaperone?"

"You're coming along to dance. I haven't spent two months guiding you through the intricacies of two-steps and waltzes for nothing.

You must learn to do the grand or you'll grow up and disgrace us," declared a seventeen-year-old veteran of the ballroom.

"I dance?" fairly screamed the unsophisticated Dan, "why I've hardly ever spoken to a member of the fair sex, let alone dance with one of said estimable organization."

"Fellows, it's fairly prepostrous—it's monstrous—it's cruelty to children to demand that I should display my awkwardness by any such unpremeditated performance."

And then he laughed. When Dan laughed it was usually acceded that further argument was vain, for neither professors or boys could resist the contagion of his merriment as it rang out across the campus or rippled through a corridor to mar the hallowed stillness of a recitation. He was that kind of a jolly good fellow whose buoyant spirits made his company essential to any crowd whose object was fun. Equally adept at any accademic test from a broad jump to a Latin oration, he usually carried off the honors and stood as the undisputed claimant for all the laurels of the school.

But his own account of his lack of ballroom accomplishments was only too true. Since the time he himself had last worn skirts, he had a most unaccountable dread of all mortals who wore such garments, and now, on the threshold of his twenties, when approached by any "eternal feminine" his one solution of the difficulty spelled flight. Needless to say, he had much ado to escape from talking distance of all the girls who found it positively necessary to call on his mother and sisters during his vacations.

Dan would have continued to enjoy the situation had not his peals of effervescent mirth been smothered by a well-aimed downy pillow, and all further objections on his part waived by his more practical companions, who lost no time in bringing forth such of his habiliments as they considered suitable for the occasion and making him appear presentable. In ten minutes he was ready, and was unscrupulously breaking a most stringent rule by bolting through a back entrance guarded fore and aft by his giggling companions lest he himself should bolt.

The five-mile ride to the long-looked-for ball was the result of many well-laid plots and schemes, and progressed with no more than ordinary difficulties but with very unusual merriment. Arriving at the hall, the one care of the boys was lest Dan should get "cold feet" and make his escape at the sight of the first damsel they met. But their fears were wholly groundless. They had scarcely entered the hall when his royal bashfulness deserted his wondering companions for vision in

(*Continued on page 49.*)

Under Fire of the Spanish Guns.

By Louis Wagner, '06.

"PUSH off quietly, Joe," said the young midshipman, and the boat sheered silently off from the great ship Oregon, and disappeared in the direction of Santiago Bay. Right for the entrance it steered, as if it were going to run the gauntlet all alone. The night was inky black—"darker than Egypt"—Joe said, and it was just the kind of a night for their undertaking. Both young men were strong, athletic fellows, cool-headed, and equal to any emergency. Fear was unknown to them.

"Just a little closer inshore, Joe. These Greasers will have their search-lights out pretty soon and we want to have a decent show of it when it comes to a final." So spoke the young midshipman, and for answer the boat sped swifter onward.

For half an hour they rowed silently ahead, neither speaking but both listening for every sound with ears strained to the utmost.

"There they are, they've begun," said Joe, as a thin ribbon of light cut the darkness a mile or so ahead. "They'll spot us soon if we're not careful."

They're throwing it this way all right," muttered his companion between his set teeth. He was right, for the shaft of light pierced the gloom around them for a moment and then went dancing away to the south.

"Lucky for us they didn't see us," said Joe.

"Hold on, they're not through yet."

Sure enough, the light began to travel back again, yet ever so much slower, and both knew that they must surely be seen this time. The Spaniards were making sure that there were no enemies spying on their fortifications.

"Faster, Joe, remember the rock"—No need to tell Joe; he remembered and knew well that if the shelter of it were once gained they would be safe.

Both young men now bent to their oars in earnest and the light boat glided through the dirty, green water. But the light also traveled and it was not without a quickening pulse that they saw it gaining on them. It made everything as bright as day wherever it shone, and they must certainly be seen if once it rested on them.

Neither spoke a word now; all their energies were directed upon one thing, to gain the shelter of the rock. There was still some distance to go before they could feel safe, but the light threatened to envelop them every moment. Steadily it approached, casting its rays over the sleeping waters; ever reaching nearer the boat. Now it was almost upon them, now they were enveloped in its bright rays; but with one migthy effort the boat shot behind the rock and into darkness.

"Think they saw us?" asked Joe breathing hard. "An American would have, but you can't always tell with these Gringoes." "Guess they did though by the way the light is playing about this rock."

"They're only suspicious and are doing it to make sure there's no one here," was the reply.

Then the light began to move onward again till it was almost a mile off, when it came back to the rock with a sudden swoop.

" I was waiting for that. Fools, if they thought we would venture out so soon," muttered the midshipman.

"They'll close up shortly and wait for perhaps half an hour, when they'll open up again. By that time we'll know just in what position the Merrimac lays and how much of the entrance is obstructed," said Joe.

"Come on, then, the sooner done the better," and the boat once more moved silently forward. The Merrimac was safely reached, despite the vigilance of the Spanish lookouts. After gaining the necessary information which, as may be imagined, was not an easy task; the return trip began.

"Not too fast at the beginning, we might need our strength later on." "That's it, keep this up and we'll still give the Spaniards the Slip."

"Their searchlight will be out soon. Here's the rock and from now on it is open sea with no chance of hiding," remarked Joe from between his firmly set jaws.

Sure enough there it was, away back of them to be sure, but moving steadily toward them. Nearer and nearer it approached, until suddenly it was upon them. It disclosed to the Spaniards a small boat carrying two persons, evidently Americans. Looking in the direction of the fort, the young men saw a sheet of flame and a few seconds after a cannon ball bounded by, throwing spray over the boat. "—— good shot for a Greaser," said Joe. But the shot did not have the desired effect, instead of retarding, it increased the speed of the boat. Then the Spaniards knew for certain the craft was American.

"Now's the time to get in some good strokes, Joe," said the young midshipman, and both rowed as hard as possible.

Shells whizzed and tore by them, throwing the water in great columns; shrapnel zipped and sung around them, in fact, a perfect stream of leaden missiles came over the water from the fort. A shot from a shrapnel tore a hole through the boat a foot above the water-line, but otherwise did no damage. Another took the hat off of Joe's head and left a faint red mark where the hair was taken away.

"They're letting up, a half mile more and we'll be safe." "Yes, the devils," came through Joe's set teeth, as he fiercely tugged at the oars.

A few more stray shots and the firing ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Fifty rods further on the young men were in sight of their beloved vessel. Willing hands helped them aboard and after reporting to the Captain, they turned in and awoke in the morning with the sound of canonading in the air. Eagerly they rushed on deck and as eagerly returned the compliments of the night before in a much more effective manner than the Spaniards could ever have hoped to do.

Character Sketch.

By VICTOR WEIGLE, 07.

THE hero of this piece is a well known member of our high school. His hair is very dark and wavy, being generally seen waving and standing upright. His eyes are of a darkish blue-gray that fascinate those who gaze into them. In height he is about five feet nine inches and has a well knit and sturdy figure that has won him many glories upon the football field.

His features are finely moulded and while not strictly classical are considered very handsome, especially by the feminine portion of the school. His beautiful, rosy complexion is one of his chief charms; add to that his cheery, happy smile, and we begin to understand his popularity.

In disposition he is kind, lovable, generous, and ever cheerful. In school, his habits are industrious and painstaking and he may generally be seen gazing at his books with a dreamy, musing light in his eyes, and appears as if he may be thinking out heavy philosophy, or wondering whether or not to go to sleep. Those who know him best are aware of his great nobility of character.

Was It Really Luck?

By FRANK B. GEORGE.

IT was in the poorer portion of New York, on one of those cold and windy December days, that Johnnie and his cat, Peter, had gone out to seek a stray piece of wood or coal that they might make a fire to keep from freezing.

Johnnie was the only son of a poor widow, who lived in an old house, and labored hard to keep them from starving. Peter was Johnnie's only playmate, a large Maltese cat that he had picked up off the crowded streets of the great city.

It being the day before Christmas, the streets were crowded with people carrying bundles of all descriptions. Johnnie and his companion started homeward. As they were passing one of the large stores, an elderly gentleman dressed in furs from head to foot, and having gray beard, walked out into the street with a large number of bundles in his arms.

"Please, mister, can I help you carry those bundles?" The old man paused, looking down at Johnnie and said, "Well, sonny, what are you doing out here with only those clothes, on such a cold day as this?" for, to tell the truth, Johnnie had hardly enough clothes on to keep his body covered.

"Please, sir, Peter and I came out to see if we could find something to make the fire with, and when I saw you carrying so many bundles I though I might help you with them."

"And who is this Peter you speak of?"

"Oh! he's my cat! Ain't you, Peter?" and at this the cat, understandingly, rubbed himself against Johnnie's leg.

"Certainly you shall help me, and I will see that you get some wood." He deposited a bundle in Johnnie's arms and bade him follow to his home.

In due time the house was reached and the old man, accompanied by Johnnie, entered. House, did I say? nay it was a mansion, and seemed more like heaven than anything else to Johnnie, for as I have said, he had never seen the inside of a good house in all his life.

As the old man took the bundle from Johnnie's arms, he was about to depart for home, but he was called back and a gold piece was dropped into his hand.

Johnnie, happy as could be, hurried out and was met by Peter at

the gate. They were home in an instant, and Johnnie was about to execute a war-dance over his good luck, but, where was his mother? He called, but she did not answer. After a moment he went into her room and there she lay breathing her last.

Peter and his companion were now left alone with no one to care for them, and not enough money to buy a loaf of bread, but it was not for long, for the Christmas gentleman, on hearing of Johnnie's misfortune, sent for him and Peter, and they were adopted into the family.

Stanford Lake in August.

(With apologies to the shade of Coleridge.)
By K. C. I., '07.

AS we rounded the hill the beautiful Stanford lake came into view. The day was hot and sultry and, as I looked upon the peaceful scene, that famous quotation from Coleridge came into my mind:

"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Hastily tying the horse, we strolled down the margin of the lake, where listless students lay in lazy luxury. Meeting the remainder of the party, we ate our lunch, after which enjoyable exercise we obtained a boat and rowed idly into the lake.

In one place the water was stagnant, and another quotation from "The Ancient Mariner" came to me as I watched the frogs swim:

"For slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea."

There was no breeze and "all in a hot and copper sky" the sun shone and unrelentingly sent his fierce rays against us until:

"Each throat was parched, and glazed each eye, a weary time, a weary time."

We at last found a shady little nook at one side of the lake and there we staid, idly watching the fountain play upon the water until the sun, a golden ball of lurid fire, sunk out of sight behind the purpling hills in the west.

Reluctantly we put up the boat and turning head eastward, started on our homeward drive, encompassed by the night, through which the stars shone faintly.

The Power of Song.

By Edna Higgins, '06.

MRS. NELSON had moved to her country home in Rosedale, to be rid of the noise and bustle of the crowded city. Of a naturally irritable and nervous temperament, she was inclined to be selfish, and had become more so of late since her health had failed. At the age of sixty-five, she was a fretful, exasperating, lonely, old woman, with no one to love or to love her in return. It is true, she had wealth in abundance; but that could not compensate for the lack of health, happiness, and friends.

She had lived at Rosedale a year as contentedly as could be expected for one of her disposition. However, her peace was soon broken by the appearance of a family with four thoughtless, sportive boys, in the little brown house next to hers.

"Whatever shall I do to get rid of their noise?" she would say, as their singing, laughing, and whoops reached her ears.

She offered them a dollar apiece if they would be quiet for a week. The boys tried faithfully, but what could be expected of four jovial lads; and not one of them ever gained a dollar.

So heavily did this discomfiture weigh upon her mind that at last she was ordered by her doctor to a change of climate.

"Anything but this," she grumbled, and again started out in search of peace and quiet.

When after some months she returned, an unexpected and joyful surprise awaited her.

"Who are our new neighbors?" she asked one of the servants; for her quick, discerning eyes had noticed that the flowers had been well cared for, the yard had been cleaned, and neat, white curtains hung at the clean windows.

"Mr. and Mrs. Parker," responded the servant.

"Any children?"

"Only a little boy."

"Well, I hope he will make less noise than those others."

"He plays the violin and sings some," said the servant, anxiously. "I hope he won't disturb you."

"That's bad enough, but not so bad as their screams and yells."

That evening as she was sitting by the window, she heard a childish voice singing:

"Go forth, do good to others,
Be gentle, kind, and true;
Remember thy Creator,
Who loves and cares for you."

There was nothing extraordinary in the singing, but it touched a broken chord in the old lady's heart; for it was a song she used to sing in her childhood days. The thoughts arose in her mind, "With all my wealth, what have I done for others?"

She became quite attached to the little boy, and asked him to sing and play for her. This he did every day, until one morning she noticed that he did not have the accustomed violin accompaniment.

"Where is your violin? Have you become tired of it?"

"No, I love it," answered the boy sadly, "but it belonged to my cousin and he has sent for it."

The next day a beautiful violin came to the house, and with it the following note:

My Dear Child:

Will you please accept this little gift as an appreciation of the comfort and pleasure you have given me? I shall call this afternoon and, with the consent of your parents, send you to a musical conservatory.

"Mamma," said the little fellow, as he threw his arms joyfully about his mother's neck, "You said perhaps the dear old lady was not so cross and stingy as people believed, and you were right."

Pat (to music teacher)—"What are your rates for taking lessons?"

Music Teacher—"I charge $6 for the first month and $3 for the second."

Pat—"Well, I'll take the second month."—Ex.

STAFF OF *THE BLUE AND THE GRAY*.

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL.

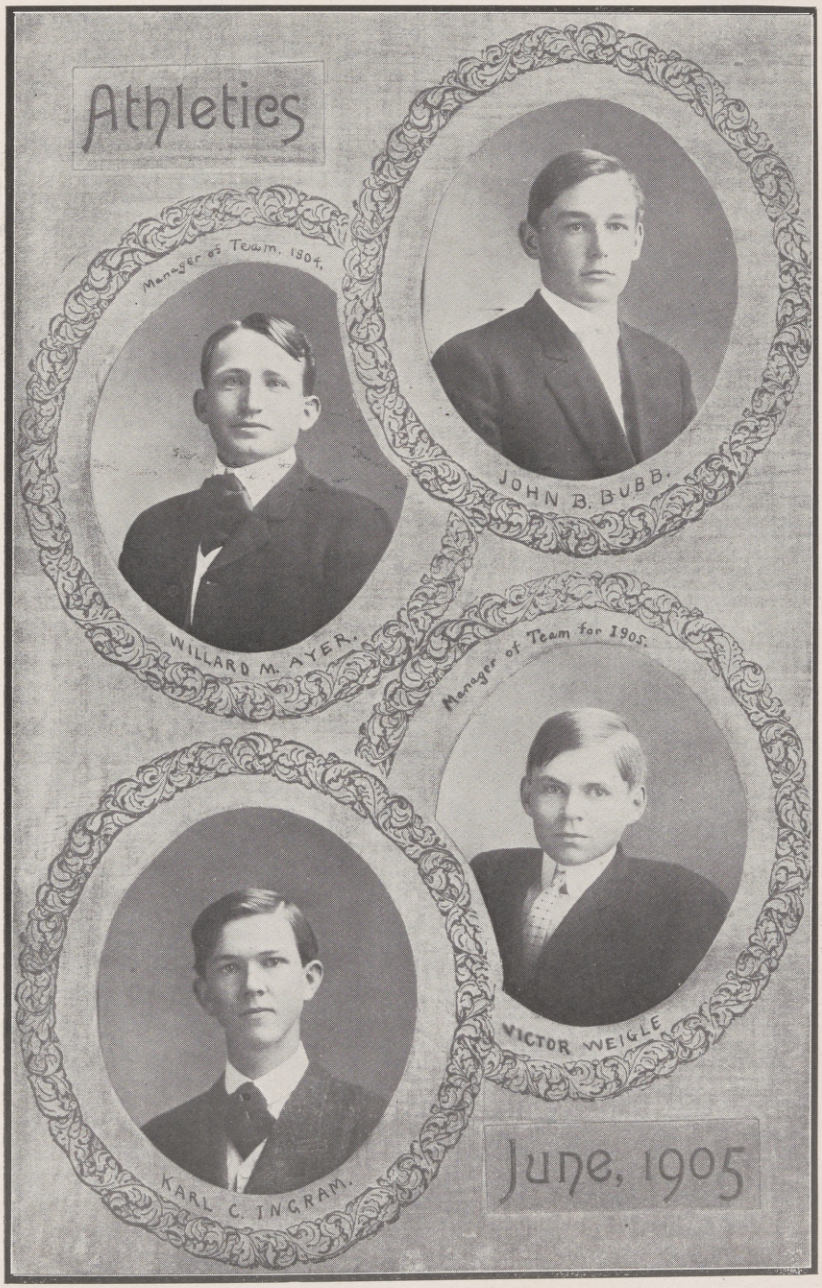
FOOTBALL only remains a glorious memory. As we reminiscently glance into the past, we remember that first game, with Palo Alto High School. The score, 0 to 0, seems good to us as we contemplate the skill and strength of our opponents. Next in order comes the game with Los Gatos, and our chests swell with worthy pride as we see the score of 11 to 0 in our favor, but this score seems insignificant as we consider the score against the Palo Alto Academy, 20 to 0! Failing to obtain games with some of the other high schools (the reasons are obvious enough) we played our last game with the second team of the University of the Pacific Our team is in very bad form and we scored only one field goal kicked by Captain Bubb, leaving the score 4 to 0.

Summing up the scores of all the games, we find that the Mountain View High School has a clear record, but against their opponents there are 35 points.

The team owed much of its success to the management of John B. Bubb, captain, and Willard M. Ayer, manager. Karl C. Ingram has been elected captain and Victor A. Weigle manager of next year's team.

THE TEAM.

Arthur Castro ..... Full
Willard M. Ayer ..... Left Half
John B. Bubb ..... Right Half
Karl C. Ingram ..... Left End
Edgar Whittemore ..... Left Tackle
Chas. H. Atkins ..... Left Guard
Glen Howard ..... Center
P. Bordi ..... Right Guard
Chas. Pearson ..... Right Tackle
Daniel Ryan, S. Bordi, C. Castro ..... Right End
Roy Bailey ..... Quarter


Athletics
Manager of Team. 1904.
WILLARD M. AYER.
JOHN B. BUBB.
Manager of Team for 1905.
VICTOR WEIGLE
KARL C. INGRAM.
June, 1905

BASEBALL AND TRACK TEAMS.

A baseball team was organized at the beginning of the present semester and Eugene Ash and Chas. H. Atkins were elected captain and manager respectively. On account of lack of material, the team was disbanded in January.

A track team was also organized and the school joined the P. A. L. At the meet held at the Stanford cinder path, our men fared badly owing to the many disadvantages they labored under, but they all deserve credit for the showing they made and next year a stronger team will be put on the track.

TENNIS.

At the request of the school, the Trustees furnished material for the repairing of the tennis courts, and after much hard labor on the part of the boys of the school, the courts were gotten into a very creditable condition. Much interest has been taken in tennis and any school day after 3:30 o'clock gentle damsels and gallant youths may be seen gracefully wielding the tennis racquet.

We have good material for a strong team, but owing to the slowness of the repairing of the courts, not enough time could be obtained for getting the players into good enough form to meet those of other schools.

Say, Ruby, did you think you were waltzing when you said "Swing —Lee" (Zwingli.)

The Sophomore Chemistry class have been smashing things: They have smashed the records for slowness, they have smashed half the chemistry apparatus; they have smashed their chances of promotion and Miss Briggs says she'll smash them if they don't improve.

It is reported that Atkins and Ingram have established a new standard of social life in Sunnyvale.

Student Body Officers
KARL INGRAM. Vice-Pres.
BLANCHE L. DORN, Treasurer.
JOHN B. BUBB, President.
LOUISE MARKS, Secretary.
WILLARD AYER, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Student Organizations.

EVERY High School should have wide-awake student organizations. The life of a High School as manifested through organizations is second in importance only to the work of the school curriculum. It is in the student meetings that the future citizen learns to act and to talk with his fellows. Here he learns his first lessons in the art of republican government; that is, he learns the rules of order, the power of argument in debate, and the art of giving in graciously when the majority rules, and numerous other necessary and valuable lessons. The organizations in the school help the student in many ways, by fostering the habit of independent action, developing his individual powers, and placing responsibilities upon each member, thus, developing within him characteristics that are necessary in any business or public office.

Our school is the possessor of three organizations, of which we are all proud: the Student Body, the Athenæum Literary Society, and the Glee Club.

THE STUDENT BODY.

The Student Body has been a great benefit to the school this year. Through its meetings the students have managed the school affairs in a very business-like and successful manner. All matters concerning the students are brought under this organization. It has been instrumental in bringing many things about that could not have been possible, if it were not for this body. Some of these are: entering the Pacific Academic League, fixing up the tennis courts, aiding the football last semester, giving receptions, and other important matters where finances are involved. While this edition of the High School paper has not received financial aid from the student body, still the paper is indebted to this body, because, it was through it that the paper had its origin. The Student Body president, John Bubb, deserves credit for the manner in which he has filled the office. The other officers have also filled their offices in a creditable manner. It is the school's hope that as the students in the school increase, the influence of this body will also increase, and that it will be a source of much good to the school.

ATHENÆUM LITERARY SOCIETY.

This society would do credit to any High School, although not all the students are members, yet those that are, do excellent work in the lines of debates, declamations, essays, reports, and music. All during the term, there has been considerable rivalry among the students in preparing the debates, to which the interest in the society is largely due. The officers have been faithful in their respective positions, laboring hard for the betterment of the society. The members of the Faculty have been ever ready with friendly criticisms and suggestions and to them largely is due the success of the society.

THE GLEE CLUB.

The Glee Club meets at four o'clock each Monday afternoon under the able instruction of Professor Lawrence. From his excellent training the club has made steady improvement since its organization, so that now it is able to contribute its aid to public entertainments given by our school and other public gatherings.

"HIS FIRST TWO-STEP"

[*Continued from page 35*]

pink, who advanced to meet him, and smiled sweetly to his more than cordial hand-shake.

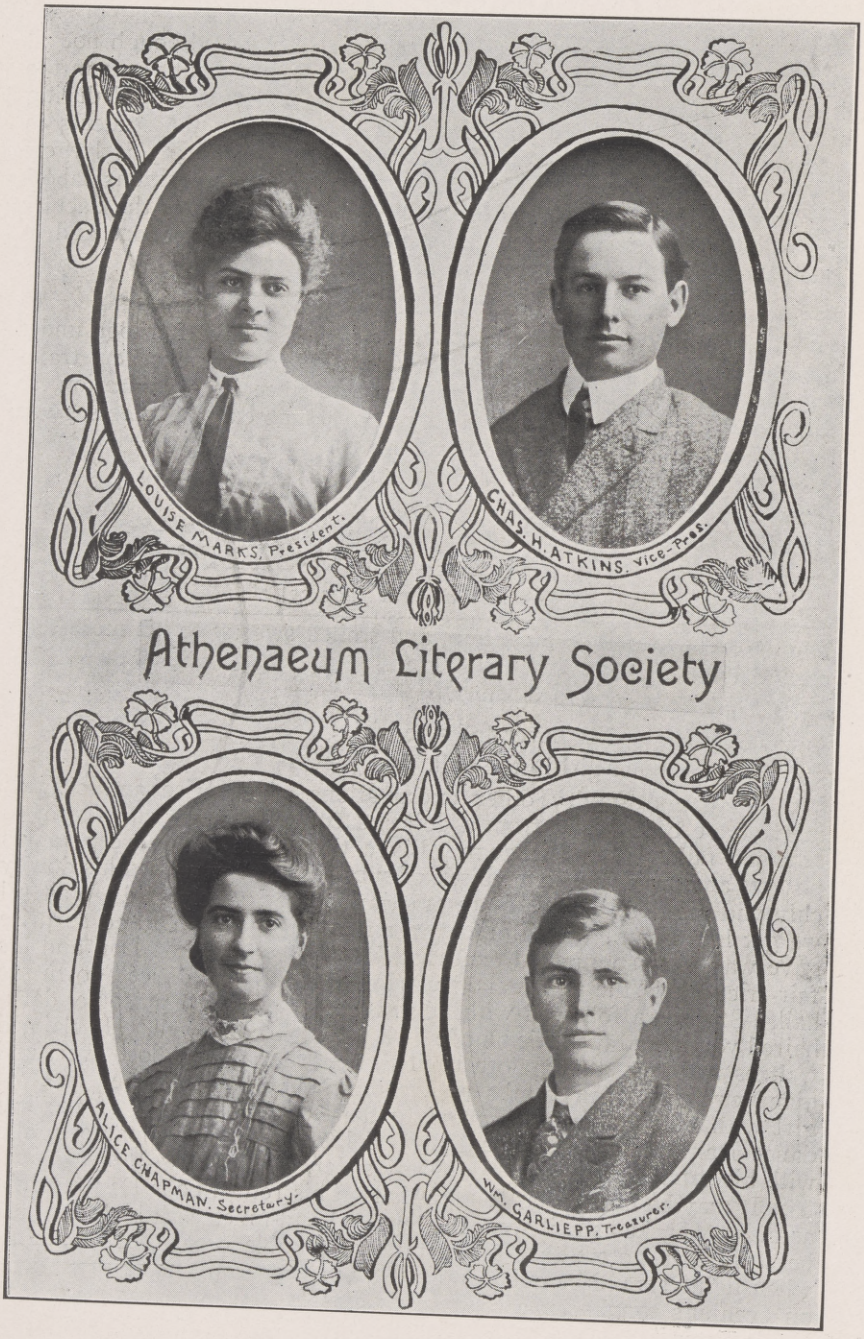
"Look at that, will you!"

"The fellow that never talks to girls!"

"The prettiest girl in the hall, too!"

These and sundry other exclamations of surprise and chagrin might have been heard from a dejected crowd of boys who forgot to advance father than the door. Blake thrust his hands deep in his pockets and gave vent to a whistle of surprise; Kelley rubbed his downy chin and giggled, but the more practical Mayer merely said" Wait till we get him home!" The orchestra struck up a two-step and surprise gave way to unsuppressed exclamations of wonder when Dan and his fair friend led "the maddening whirl of the dizzying dance" down the hall. Strangers followed with admiring glances, the handsome, dark-haired youth, and the little blonde girl, who danced so well. He claimed waltzes and two-steps galore until the evening was almost over, and nine very crestfallen youths realized that they had not even met the girl with whom they all wanted to dance. At the close of the last dance Dan led his fair friend toward his neglected companions, and with his grandest air said, "Boys, my sister, Marjorie."

It may be interesting to note that on his return poor Dan received as many whacks as if it were his hundred-and-nineteenth birthday, and be it further noted, that on certain memorable occasions, at a time when lights should be out in room 13, ten wayward youths often close an evenings pranks by a toast, over glasses of stolen lemonade, "To Dan's sister."


LOUISE MARKS, President.
CHAS. H. ATKINS, Vice-Pres.
Athenaeum Literary Society
ALICE CHAPMAN, Secretary.
WM. GARLIEPP, Treasurer.

THE exchange editor does not find it at all necessary to burn the historic midnight oil in order to review the exchanges. Instead, that oil ought to be properly applied to certain high school papers to see if it would not have the beneficial effect of causing them to "loosen up" with their exchanges. Perhaps there is a stringency in the postage stamp market in their particular neighborhoods. If that is the case, we extend our sympathies, although we have always found Uncle Sam perfectly willing to supply those who have the price.

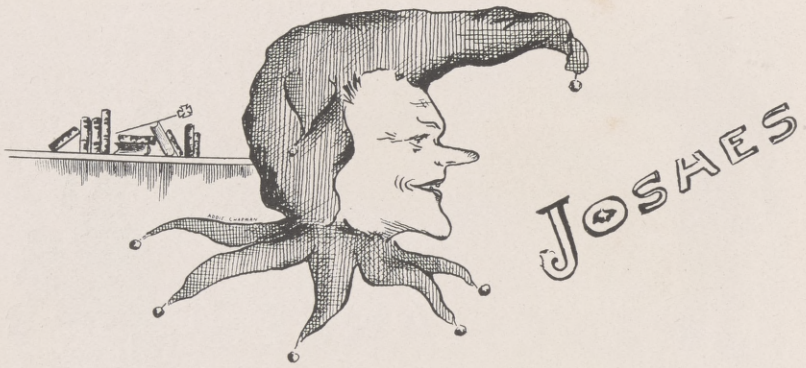
Editing this paper only twice a year, as we do, we naturally do not expect to be put on the regular exchange list of the monthlies, even though our superiority could be at the ratio of five to one. But still an even "swap" is nothing but fair to us and is more than fair to the other fellow, we dare say. When our eyes wander over the list before us and only see four magazines for the many sent out, an ineffable feeling of sadness steals over the editor and a longing for home and mother creeps into his heart, but then a postage stamp costs money.

The *Scribe* from Polytechnic is a lively, spicy paper that evidently is in competent hands. Its style is all that could be desired, except for two things, no cuts, and ads. in the reading matter. Its cover and stories are much to be admired.

We were glad to get the *Tabula* from Oak Park, Ill. It is certainly a neat little paper, but would be more so if the ads. were kept off the cover.

The Santa Clara *Tocsin* is the usual high-grade paper that it has been. Its stories are excellent and what it may not be in style of paper, is more than made up by the fact that is has *cuts*. A paper to be a real success must have cuts and the more the better.

We are glad to have the *Zephyr* join the ranks of high school papers, and can say that we, too, know the feeling of being new. Although criticisms could be made, we shall leave them to be said by our more choleric contemporaries, and will only say that it is quite neat, and has no ads. on the covers.



Laugh and the world laughs with you,—
Weep and the world laughs at you.

Lost—Some of the necessary articles of wearing apparel by the track team—for further information inquire of Miss Williston.

After the fight—

"Why Claude, aren't you well?

Claude—"No—bofe o' my eyes is leakin' an' one of my noses won't go—"

The sophomores took chemistry,
They studied long and late,
They one day breathed some chlorine gas,
They will not graduate.

Say Barbara, how about that eclipse on the front porch—(Oakland).

Man's chief end—the end what's got his mind on—CARL INGRAM'S chief end is done (Dunn)—we see his finish!!!

If X equals "which,"
Then "which" is the 'other,"
To tell "which" is 'which,"
Will give you some bother.

Method

"One" is called "which,"
The "other' "witch" is not, Sir,
Just call "each" one "which"
And see "which" will answer.

Query—Where is Mt. Oh. dear?

In the hot-air valley of (Bubb)les.

Teacher—E—, when do we use the subjunctive.

E. B.—Always use the subjunctive in the indicative.

Teacher—Willie, in this sentence, (liber est), in which case is book (liber)?

Willie—In the bookcase I guess.

Maud (in Latin)—"Amor—I am loved."

Miss W.—Are you sure of that?

* * *

EXAMINATION IN MODERN HISTORY.

1. When, where and by whom was the tardy excuse ordinance enforced? Explain the different methods employed in preserving order in the school.
2. Account for the similarity in the features of Karl Ingram and Socrates.
3. Explain how Rose Sturla enlightened the age in which she lived.
4. What arts were fostered, and what vices suppressed in the nursery as early as 1905.
5. Tell what you know about the virtues of Nora Wright. (not more than ten pages.)
6. Tell how and why Atkins was made poet laureate to the Faculty.
7. How old is Louise Marks at the present time? Give an estimate of her ability as a historian.
8. Give an account of the inquisition of the plaster-breakers and tell about the controversy which followed.
9. Name and describe five decisive battles between the freshmen and the upper classmen.
10. Describe the manner in which Ayer filled the office of School Attorney and give the events leading up to his resignation.

* * *

IF THIS SHOE FIT THEE NOT; ACCEPT NOT ITS WEARING.

High School proverb:—

Be good and you'll be lonesome,
But Queen and you'll always have friends.

Motto—"Lest we forget."

PEEPS AT THE PUPILS.

By C. H. A., '07.

I.

Victor wiggles
Blanche giggles
Carl laughs
The teacher frowns.

II.

Maud is queening
Claud is "weening"
Professor's fist
Comes crashing down.

III.

Willie's walking
Bill is talking.
The track team trains
Without their gowns.

IV.

Rose is drawing
Nora's sneezing
Atkins tries
To act the clown.

V.

Class one is writing
The rest reciting.
The Latin—"Trio"
Gains renown.

VI.

The wind is blowing
Hot air's flowing
The Faculty jots
The "flunk marks" down.

* * *

Carl Ingram:—

The little hand outside her muff,
O sculptor, could you but mould it,
So lightly touched my jacket cuff
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

Louis Wagner:—

Hail to the "Doc," who in triumph advances.

Louise Marks:—

Cards and dancing are but incidental things,
We've nights devoted to these "Queens" and "Kings."

Marybel Ingram:—

I've never been married yet—because, the truth to tell,
I could not make specific choice—I loved them all so well.

Richard Cutter, alias "Dick.":—

Sober he was, and grave from early youth,
Mindful of frowns, but more intent on truth.

"Eve" Dickson:—

She's modest and meek, there's a down on her cheek,
And her skin is as sleek, as a butterfly's wing.

"Pete" Zolezzi:—

The lonely student felt his breast,
Was like an empty linnet's nest.

Nora Wright:—

I think snakes are a fright
But bugs are all right.

Albert Dixon:—

And what does he lack to make him blest?
Some oyster shells and a sparrow's nest.

Ruby:—

Novels she reads to amuse her mind,
But always the effluent match-making kind.

Chas Atkins:—

I know it is a sin, to sit and grin,
But I've flunked agin—I've flunked agin.

Claude Shull:—

There was once a young fellow named Claude,
And he had a girl named Maude.
With compliments slighted,
And love unrequited,
He resigned for a Junior—Oh, Lawde.

Rose Sturla:—

I must study—I must climb to dizzy heights of fame.
And then (*perhaps*) I'll condescend to change my name.

William Garliepp:—

My mother calls me Willie,
My sister calls me Will,
The "teachers" call me William,
But the fellers call me Bill.

Barbara Knox:—

The one whom I loved and who had me selected,
I never have wed because papa objected.

* * *

Pedigree of Senior and Junior Students

NAME	HOBBY	GRUB	NEEDS	HANG OUT	AIM IN LIFE
Alice Whittemore	Orations.....	Chocolate chips	Classmate	Normal.....	To be good.....
John Bubb.....	Football.....	"Dates"	Money....	Palo Alto High	To queen.....
Nora Wright.....	Giggling	Smiles	Two-step.	Funville.....	To graduate.....
Rose Sturla.....	Cicero	Mush	Penholder	Stanford	To draw.....
Louise Marks.....	Writing notes	Chewing gum.	Sobriety..	San Francisco.	Become a spinster
Ruby Trubschenck	Studying.....	Blushes.....	Voice.....	Grange.....	To grow tall.....
Edna Higgins....	Civics.....	Cherries.....	'Showers'	"Hills".....	A two-bit man...
Willard Ayer.....	Butting in...	Wind pudding	Prestige..	The Parsonage	To deal out hot air
Louis Wagner.....	Doctoring....	Mumps.....	Courage..	Drug store....	To solve problems

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Paints and Oils, Stoves and Household Specialties.

Parkinson Bros.,

MOUNTAIN VIEW

THE "WHYS" OF IT.

1st Why—Know how
2d Why—Good goods
3d Why—Good service

That's WHY You'll come again for

Wilson's
Candies and Ice Cream

CARLIN BUILDING - MOUNTAIN VIEW

No Close Season—"No," said Mrs. Housekeep, "my husband is not at home. He's out hunting, as usual."

"Hunting? Why, this is the close season—"

"He's hunting a cook. That season is always open."

Red Cross
Pharmacy

EASTMAN'S KODAKS
DEVELOPING

Hello, Sport!

When you want to get the SWELLEST RIG in town, call up the

Fashion Livery Stable

F. A. McCOMBS, Prop.

Boarding and Transient. *Tel. Main 104*

A Sly Dig.—Mrs. Fairfatz—"That odious Mrs. Sharpe made a very mean comment on my age today."

Mrs. Ascum—"Told you you were getting old, I suppose?"

Mrs. Fairfatz—"Oh, no. She said I 'still looked quite young.' "

Cycler's Club Store

Men's Furnishing Goods

CLOTHING

HATS, SUIT CASES, TRUNKS

MILNER & SON

Mountain View.

A WORD TO MY FRIENDS

I wish to thank my friends for the kind consideration they have shown me in the last year by their liberal patronage, and will state that I am now more able to attend to their wants since we have remodeled our store and added to our business a complete ***CANDY FACTORY,*** enabling us to supply the trade with a complete and up-to-date line of goods, wholesale and retail also. Large orders of ***ICE CREAM AND FROZEN DAINTIES*** will be filled promptly. We take pride in stating that we have placed the first candy factory in Mountain View.

(*THE ROYAL*)

Corner of Castro and Villa Sts., Mountain View

MILLER & McPHETERS, Props. **W. C. MILLER, Mgr.**

Too Good to Waste.—"But," asked the charitable woman, "do you never cast your bread upon the waters?"

"Not now," replied the young housekeeper, proudly; "I might have done that with my first baking, but I'm quite expert now."

Quality Grocery

Quality

IN GOODS
IN SERVICE
IN ASSORTMENT
IN ARRANGEMENT
IN ALL LINES

Our aim is QUALITY. ***We're succeeding.***

ASK OUR PATRONS. **TRY US.**

PEARSON & CO.,

Phone Main 273 Mountain View

Swall's Meat Market

NUFF SED

Lester Swall

PROPRIETOR.

Ample Pay—"But surely," protested the reformer, "you don't believe a man should sell his vote for paltry gold?"

"Sure not," replied the ward heeler. "He'd oughter be satisfie with a few drinks."

Mountain View House

OLD MOUNTAIN VIEW

E. Darrimon

PROPRIETOR

DUDFIELD

Lumber Company

All trains stop at Dudfield Lumber Company's offices--Mountain View, Palo Alto and Mayfield.

Telephone, Mountain View, Main 91

Planing Mill at Mountain View

WE have a complete stock of lumber—Redwood and Pine—all grades and sizes. Mouldings made to order. Sashes, Doors and builders' hardware. Our new planing mill is equipped with a planer, sticker, rip saw, hand saw, dado saw, cut-off saw and a twenty-foot turning lathe, which enables us to turn out all kinds of mill work.

Remember, we are here to stay, and are always ready and pleased to give prices on any bill, large or small. Sawdust in sacks for sale. Shavings in any amount free. Come and ***see us.*** We will use you right.

OFFICE

Corner of Front and Bush Sts. - - Mountain View

John Dudfield, President. B. W. Hazen, Resident Manager

Telephone, Mountain View, Main 91

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Groceries, Provisions, Fruits, Candies and Nuts

Dry Goods, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps,

Tin and Agate Ware, Crockery and Glass Ware,

HAY, GRAIN, FEED, PAINTS.

San Jose Prices *Terms Strictly CASH.*

At the table d'hote. First epicurean—"Will you kindly pass the old cheese?" Second ditto—"Just wait one moment; I'll see if I can catch it."—Ex.

Frink & Son

Electrical Works

Phones Chandeliers
Annunciators
Brackets Bells
Fire and Burglar Alarms
Portables Lamps

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A well equipped Job Printing Department in connection. New type, new styles; everything up-to-date.

WE ARE WIDE AWAKE. ARE YOU?

A prominent physician says dancing tends to softening of the brain. He is probably in error, but there is no doubt that softening of the brain tends strongly to dancing.—Ex.

WM. C. PALM

Groceries, Fruits, Grain and Feed

All kinds of market produce purchased at top prices

Fresh Eggs Wanted

Walter A. Clark Realty Company

MOUNTAIN VIEW

Will have 5000 population in three years. Why don't you buy a lot and get into the prosperity side. Come in and talk to us about it . . .

"Is Mike Howe on this train?' asked a man approaching the conductor. "I don't know anything about your cow," said that official, "this is a passenger train."—Ex.

Dr. Cameron

DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:

9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 5 p. m.

PHONE

Main 244

I'm over head into my work. I don't want to be a fool. I want all the honors I can get while going through the High School. In sports I'll try to do my best and win all the games I can, I'll go to ***KLECKNER'S*** to buy my **SHOES** and be a solid man. [Continued in our next]

Armstrong & Wilson

Tonsorialists

ARMSTRONG stands for strength WILSON for best

The Strongest and Best

Barber Shop in Mountain View

Geo. E. Henton

General Blacksmith. Fruit trucks, spring wagons, carriages, etc., made, repaired and exchanged.

Agent for ornamental, farm machinery, iron fences for homes, cemetery lots etc.

MOUNTAIN VIEW - CAL.

WANTED—

A cushion for the seat of war.
A sleeve for the arm of the law.
A medicine to keep the ink well.
A dog to replace the bark of a tree.
A pair of pincers to pull the root of evil.
A front and back for the sides of an argument.
A book on how the water works and frost bites.
A cemetery in which to bury some dead languages.—Ex.

An anecdote is a short funny tale. A rabbit has four legs and an anecdote.—Ex.

"RUBBER"—!!!!!

This is not the printer's fault,
That the letters are misplaced,
And though this is a stale joke,
It fills up surplus space.

The wise man paints in time
In California's clime;
So don't waste all your nickles,
Don't spend them all for pickles.

But See

KISTLER Painter

"Behold!—All Things Become New."

Even those Shoes that need repairing

Bring them in and let

F. A. KORN

Fix them up for you

Prices reasonable

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Fruit Exchange

Organized April 21, 1903, as a corporation to own its buildings and premises, and the fruit to be packed and handled in a Co-operative way

M. FARREL, Pres. F. A. POLAND, Sec'y.

Uncle (trotting his small nephew, Harry)—"How do you like this, my man?"

Harry—"Oh, pretty well; but I rode a real donkey the other day."—Ex.

San Jose Implement Co.

83-91 SOUTH MARKET ST.

Agents for the Celebrated Studebaker Wagons, Buggies and Harness.

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STATIONERY, BOX PAPER, TABLETS

And everything in that line.

An assortment of FOUNTAIN PENS, INKS, etc.

Crepe Paper, Tissue Paper, Gold and Silver Paper,
Photo Mounting Papers and Books.

Brilliant young clergyman (in his first sermon)—And so we have the church, firm and strong, with one foot on the solid rock of the Bible, and the other pointing toward heaven!—Ex.

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Icy.—Nell—"That Miss Artick, from Boston, was held up by a highwayman last night."

Belle—"Gracious! Did she faint?"

Nell—"Not much. She said, 'How dare you address me, fellow?' and left him frozen stiff."

Wheels to ride for both
young and old,
Whether you're timid or
or whether you're bold.
We have them in diamond
frame,
And the loop in the frame too
We have bicycles built
for two.
And if you want more
We shall soon have an
auto built for four.
And if you want to know
where WE ARE AT
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Horse Shoeing
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Painters,
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and
Paper Hangers
Tinting
Glazing and
Sign
Writing

Estimates Furnished

CHANGED.

She—I thought the Blanks said that uncle of theirs had such ill-bred manners they couldn't invite him to visit them.

He—They did; but since he has fallen into a million they have decided that he was only eccentric.—Detroit Free Press.

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GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHINGS and NOTIONS

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Stationery

Professor—loudly (in English class)—What is the ostensible formation of the elongation of the mule's auricular appendages?

Freshman, (weakly)—Yes sir.

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